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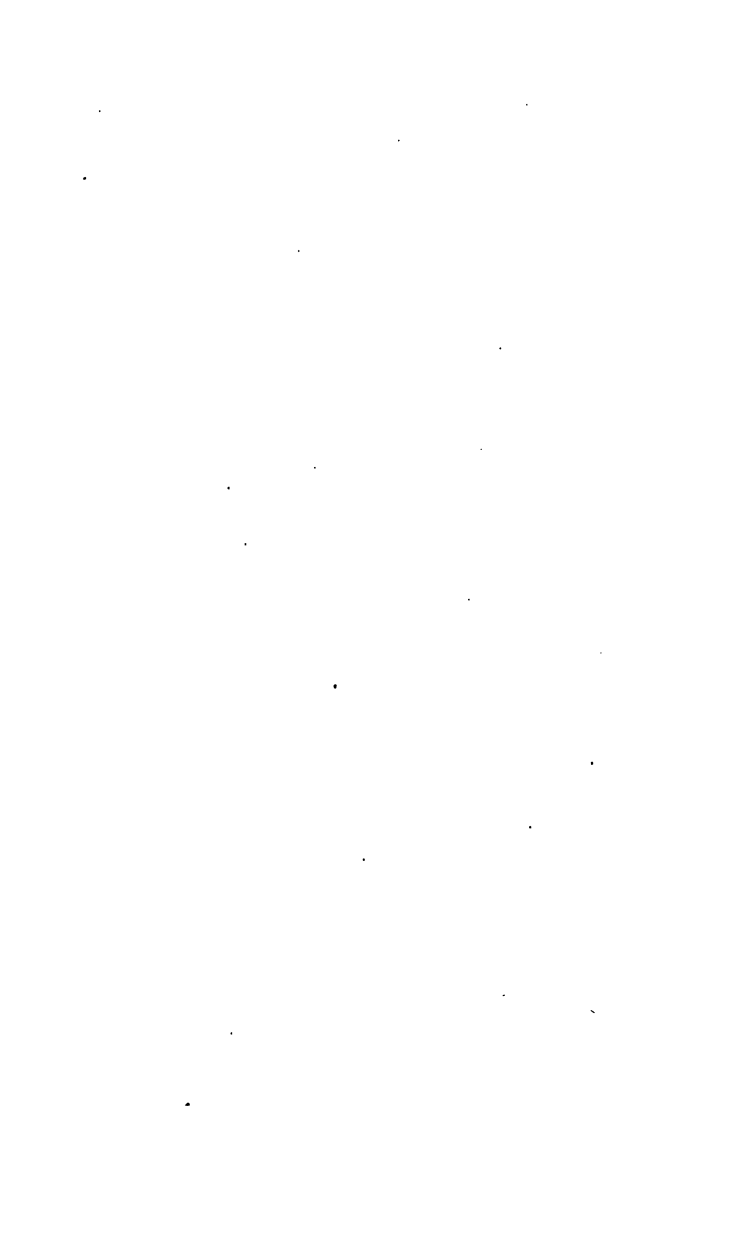
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A

GARLAND OF LOVE.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.









A

GARLAND OF LOVE,

WREATHED OF PLEASANT FLOWERS,

GATHERED

IN THE FIELD OF ENGLISH POESY.



Love refines

The thoughts, the heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and 'is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend.

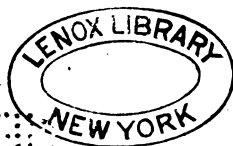
MILTON.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

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ROY W. B.
CLUB
MARSH



PREFACE.

IN the following selection of Love Poems, the greatest care has been taken to exclude such pieces as are as likely to corrupt the heart with their insidious poison, as to captivate the fancy by their alluring beauty. The chief object of the compiler has been to wreath a garland of flowers which are at once pleasing and innoxious, though of various odour and hue; and in making the selection he has not forgotten that the daisy and heath-bell have their own peculiar charms, and give variety and beauty to a garland, as well as the lily and the rose.

As there is no lack of love's flowers in the ample field of English Poesy, it would have been easy to have formed a Garland of much greater size; but when enough had been culled, the gatherer stinted: his Garland was meant for the brow of youth and beauty, and not to decorate a may-pole or an ale-stake.

With respect to the arrangement, the deceased poets, from Lord Rochford, page 1, to Henry Neele, page 188, follow each other in the order of their birth; except in the case of *Christopher Marlowe*, who is placed at page 40,

that his "Passionate Shepherd" may immediately precede Raleigh's answer to it; and in the case of Robert Anderson who is placed at page 189, that his "Impatient Lassie" may stand in juxtaposition with Joanna Baillie's "Impatient Shepherd."

For the dates of the birth and death of the earlier poets the compiler has chiefly relied on those given by George Ellis Esq., in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets;" a work to which he is indebted for several pieces that he could not have obtained elsewhere, without considerable trouble. He frankly makes this acknowledgment; for he would not like to be suspected of gathering a choice flower in a conservatory, and of then attempting to obtain the credit of a first discoverer, by pretending that he found it, after great search in its natural *habitat*. The pieces selected from the works of living writers, commencing with Joanna Baillie, at page 191, are placed without any regard to order, but merely as they came to hand. To all from whose open fields, hedgerows, or gardens, he has cropped a flower or two in passing, the compiler begs to make his acknowledgments, with a hope that there is none so poor in the gifts of poesy as not to be able to spare them.

The old spelling of Rochford, Wyatt, Surrey, Harrington, and two or three more of the elder poets, is retained; as, in several places, the rhythm or measure of the verse seemed to be dependent on it. To have altered the spelling in such instances, and to have eked out the measure by introducing supplementary words, would have been like removing the *patina*—the verdant and preserving tarnish of antiquity—from *an ancient medal*, and then filling up the rust-corroded holes

a modern composition. In every other case where the spelling was not essential to the author's measure, and not but little from that of the present day, it has been modernised. The following lines of Spenser,—

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare,
Both of the Rivers and the Forrests greene,
And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare;
All with gay garlands goodly wel besene,—

nothing, either in meaning or melody, by being printed
:—

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that to her neighbours near;
All with gay garlands goodly well-beseen :—

and those of Habington,—

From fruitlesse palmes shall honey flow,
And barren winter harvest show,
While lillies in his bosome grow,—

in no injury by being modernised thus :—

From fruitless palms shall honey flow,
And barren winter harvest show,
While lilies in his bosom grow.

is needless to enlarge upon the interest of the subject which the following poems are illustrative—Love ; the natural source of poetry since beauty first inspired the youthful lover's song. In the following pages will be found some of the best pieces of love poetry in the English language, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present

time. Certain periods have been more productive of Love's flowers than others ; but the reign of Queen Anne, which has been called the Augustan Age of English Literature, is in this respect, amongst the most barren. Pope, in his Epistle from Eloise to Abelard, has, indeed, most forcibly described the effect of disappointed passion ; but nowhere has he expressed the language of delicate, yet manly, love. His Eloise appears to have been the seducer, and not the seduced. Addison, writing in verse, is generally cold and unimpassioned ; and Swift, in his Cadenus and Vanessa, has plainly enough shown that he could be vain of a beautiful and accomplished woman's admiration, but that he could not return her love. Prior and Gay appear to have written with more feeling than the rest of their contemporaries, but even their love-poems are not of the first class.

The hopes, the fears, the pleasures, and the pains of love are here sung by Shakspeare and Byron, Spenser and Wordsworth, Carew and Moore, Herrick and Coleridge, Dryden and Burns ; and by many others whose works will endure as long as their country's language : each and all acknowledging, even when they rebel, the irresistible power of love, which in the following pages will be found portrayed in all its variety :

“ Sweet Love, that hast sweet beauty for thine object ;
 Kind Love, that knits in one two several hearts ;
 Great Love, to whom the greatest king is subject ;
 Pure Love, that sublimates our earthly parts,
 And makes them airy by ingenious arts ! ”

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DEDICATION.

MARY : sweet maid, with flowing auburn hair,
Lips like twin cherries, eyes of heavenly blue,
And blossomy cheek, tinged with Health's own hue,
Such as in spring the apple-blossoms wear :
Cheerful as May, and innocent as fair :
Accept this GARLAND, for it is thy due :
Thou didst direct me oft where hidden grew
Love's fairest plants, of scent and beauty true,
And warn me oft against a noxious flower,
Of colour bright, and tempting to the eye,
But all unfit in Beauty's breast to lie,
To wreath her brow, or deck her lustrous hair :
Unclogg'd I pass'd such cuckoo-blossoms by,
Wandering with thee through meads in summer hour.

LATE wreathing a garland I happen'd to find
Young Love 'mongst the roses. Fast pinioned behind,
I held him, and into a goblet of wine
I plunged him, and drank up the liquor divine:—
His flutt'ring I feel now in each inward part,
As with his light wings he keeps tickling my heart.

C.

[From the Greek of JULIAN THE APOSTATE.]



GEORGE BOLEYN,

COUNT ROCHFORD, BROTHER TO QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN,

Born about 1500, died 1536.

The following piece, which is given as Lord Rochford's, in Har-
gton's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, has also been ascribed to Sir Thomas Wyatt.
Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets* it is placed among
se of "Uncertain Authors."



THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT OF THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS MISTRESS.

My lewt awake, performe the laste
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ende that I have nowe begunne ;
For when this songe is sunge and paste,
My lewt be still, for I have done !

As to be heard wheare eare is none,
 As lead to grave in marble stone,
 My songe may pierce her heart as sone :
 Should we then sighe, or singe, or mone ?
 No, no, my lewt, for I have done *.

The rocks do not so cruellye
 Repulse the waves contynually,
 As she my sute and affection ;
 So that I am past remedie ;
 Whearbye my lewt and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdayne,
 That makest but game on earnest payne :
 Think not alone under the sonne
 Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
 Althoughe my lewt and I have done.

May chaunce thee lye withered and olde †
 The winter nightes that are so colde,
 Playninge in vayne unto the morne :
 Thy wishes then dare not be tolde :—
 Care then who liste, for I have done.

* This stanza is omitted in Ellis's Specimens. The three first lines are obscure; the writer's meaning appears to be: "That as soon will there be hearing where there are no ears, or as soon may marble be graved or carved with lead, as will his verse affect her heart."

† This line is given according to Mr. Ellis's emendation. In the *Nugæ Antiquæ* it stands thus:—

" *Perchance they lye withered and olde.*"

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

3

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The tyme that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone ;
Then shalt thou know bewtie but lent,
And wishe and want as I have done.

Nowe cease my lewt ! this is the laste
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begunne ;
Now is this songe both sunge and past :—
My lewt be still, for I have done.

SIR THOMAS WYATT,

Born 1503, died 1541.

THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY LOVERS REJOICE IN
MAY, WHILE HE WAYLETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST
UNLUCKY.

YE that in love find lucke and swete abundance,
And live in lust of joyful jollitie,
Aryse, for shame, do way your sluggardy ;
Aryse, I say, do May some observance.
Let me in beds lye dreaming of mischaunce ;
Let me remember my mishappes unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly,
As one whome Love list little to advance.

Stephan * said true, that my nativitie
 Mischaunced was with the ruler of May :
 He guessed, I prove, the veritie.
 In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
 Have stand so oft in such perplexitie ;
 Joy, let me dream of your felicity !

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTES AN
 TEARES TO SUE FOR GRACE.

PASSE forth my wonted cryes,
 Those cruel eares to perce,
 Which in most hatefull wise
 Do still my plaintes reverse.
 Doe you my teares also
 So wet her barren heart,
 That pitie there may growe
 And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
 She semes to have been bred ;
 And of the tiger long
 Been nourished and fed ;
 Yet shall not nature change
 If pitie once win place,
 Whom, as unknowne and strange,
 She now away doth chase.

* An Italian astrologer.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft
Hard stones doth pierce at length,
So in her stony heart
My plaintes at last shall grave ;
And, rigour set apart,
Winne graunt of that I crave.

Wherefore, my playntes, present
Still to her my suit,
As ye through her assent
May bring to me some fruit ;
And, as she shall me prove,
So bid her me regarde ;
And render love for love,
Which is a just reward.

HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE
AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee so feate a grace
To finde honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spyder out of the same place
To fetch poyson by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kiss, by a secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change whereof I leave my heart behinde.

HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS
THE FLYE IN THE FIRE.

SOME fowles there be that have no perfite sight
Against the sunne their eyes for to depend ;
And some because the light doth them offend
Never appere but in the darke or night ;
Others rejoyce to see the fire so bright,
And mene to play in it, as they pretende,
But fynde contrary of it as they entende *.
Alas ! of that sort may I be by right ;
For to withstand her looke I am not able ;
Yet can I not hyde me in no darke place,
So foloweth me remembrance of that face ;
That with my teary eyen, swolne and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the gleade †.

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY,

Born 1516, died 1547.

[In an edition of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt, London, 1717, it is erroneously stated that Surrey, the poet, "commanded at the famous battle of Flodden Field, at which he gave such extraordinary

* But find it contrary to what they expect.

† Gleade, the brightness of the fire ; the glow.

proofs of his gallantry, that he was soon after created Earl of Surrey." Mr. Ellis, too, who ought to have known better, in his "Specimens of the early English Poets," 1801, says that he "contributed, by his skill and bravery, to the memorable victory of Flodden Field." What is most surprising, this blunder is to be found in every subsequent edition of Mr. Ellis's work ; a proof that his friend, the late Sir Walter Scott, had not read the brief memoir prefixed to Surrey's poems, in which it occurs. The battle of Flodden Field was fought in 1513, three years before the poet was born ; and the Earl of Surrey, who there commanded the English army, was the poet's grandfather.]

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN ECHE THING
RENEWES, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;
The nightingale with fethers new she sings ;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale ;
Somer is come, for every spray now springs ;
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings ;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she flings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;
The bisy bee her hony now she mings * ;
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale :
And thus I se among these pleasant things
Eche care decays ; and yet my sorow springs.

* Mingles.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,
GERALDINE.

FROM Tuskane came my ladies worthy race ;
 Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate ;
 The western yle, whose plesant shore doth face
 Wild Cambers cliffs, did gyve her lively heate :
 Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest ;
 Her sire an erle ; her dame of princes blood :
 From tender yeres in Britain she doth rest
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
 Honsdon did first present her to mine eyn ;
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight :
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine :
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above :
 Happy is he that can obtaine her love !

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT
BELOVED.

ALAS ! so all things now doe holde their peace,
 Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing ;
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song do cease,
 The nightès chare the starres about doth bring ;
 Calme is the sea, the waves worke lesse and lesse :

So am not I, whom love, alas ! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and sing,
In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case :
For my swete thoughtes sometime do pleasure bring ;
But by and by the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
 To live and lack the thing should rid my paine.

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER HE
BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolve the yse ;
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene ;
In presence prest of people mad or wise :
Set me in low, or yet in high degree ;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye ;
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be ;
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye :
Set me in heaven, in earth, or els in hell ;
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood ;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in evil fame or good,
Hers will I be,—and only with this thought
Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE, WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM
THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

GEVE place, ye lovers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain ;
My ladies bewty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And therto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the faire ;
For what she sayth, ye may it trust
As by it writing sealled were :
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whom she could not paint ;
With wringyng hands how did she cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde,
Her kingdome onely set apart,
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
That could have gone so nere her hart :
And this was chefely all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the cheifest worke she wrought ;
In faith, me thinke, some better wayes
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Than to compare.(as you have done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS ESTATE OF A LOVER.

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race
That Cupid's scourge had made me runne ;
I looked back to mete the place
From whence my weary course begunne.

And then I saw how my desyre
Misguiding me had led the waye :
Mine eyne, too greedy of their hyre,
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloake my grief with game,
The boyling smoke did still bewray
The present heat of secret flame.

And when salt teares have bayned * my breast,
Where Love his pleasant traynes hath sowne,
Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.

* Bathed.

And when myne eyne dyd still pursue
 The flying chase of their request ;
 Their greedy looks dyd oft renew
 The hydden wound within my brest.

When every loke these cheekes might stayne,
 From dedly pale to glowing red,
 By outward signes appeared playne
 To her for helpe my hart was fled.

But all too late Love learneth me
 To paynt all kynd of colours new,
 To blynd their eyes that else should see
 My speckled chekes with Cupid's hew.

And now the covert brest I clame
 That worshipt Cupid secretly,
 And nourished his secret flame
 From whence no blaising sparkes do fie.

FROM PIECES BY UNCERTAIN AUTHORS,

ANNEXED TO THE COLLECTION OF POEMS BY SURREY AND WYATT.

PRAISE OF HIS LADIE *.

GEVE place, you ladies, and be gone,
 Boast not your selves at all,
 For here at hande approacheth one
 Whose face will stayn ye all.

* Commonly ascribed to Sir Thomas Wyatt.

The vertue of her lively lookes
Excells the precious stone ;
I wishe to have none other bookes
To reade or look upon.

In eche of her two cristal eyes
Smyleth a naked boy ;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lampe of joy.

I thinke Nature hath lost the moulde
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if Nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Unto the phenix kind,
Whose like was never seene nor heard
That any man can fynde.

In lyfe she is Diana chaste ;
In trouthe, Penelope ;
In word and eke in deede stedfast :
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre
Within the frosty night.

Her roseall colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace ;
More ruddier too than is the rose
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gazing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth use
Is mixt with shamefastnesse ;
All vyce she doth wholly refuse,
And hated ydlenesse.

O Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repayre
And decke in her such honestie,
Whome nature made so fayre !

Truly she doth as farre excede
Our women now adayes,
As doth jeliflowre a wede,
And more, a thousand wayes.

How might I doe to get a graffe
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest are playne but chaffe,
Which seeme good corne to be.

This gyft alone I shall her geve,
When death doth what he can ;
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

THAT ALL THINGS SOMETIME FINDE EASE OF THEYR
PAINES, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

I SEE there is no sort
Of things that live in grieffe,
Which at sometime may not resort
Wheras they have reliefe.

The stricken dere, by kinde,
Of death that standes in awe,
For his recure an herbe can fynde
The arrowe to withdrawe.

The chased dere hath soyle
To coole him in his heate ;
The asse, after his mery toyle,
In stable up is set.

The cony hath his cave,
The little byrd his nest,
From heate and colde themselves to save
At all times as they list.

The owle, with feble sight,
 Lyes lurking in the leaves ;
 The sparrow in the frosty night
 May shroude her in the eaves.

But wo to me, alas !
 In sunne nor yet in shade,
 I cannot finde a resting place
 My burden to unlade.

But day by day still beares
 The burden on my backe,
 With weeping eyen and watry teares,
 To holde my hope abacke.

All things, I see, have place
 Wherein they bowe or bende,
 Save this, alas ! my woful case,
 Which no where fyndeth ende.

THE UNCERTAYNE STATE OF A LOVER.

LYKE as the rage of rayne
 Fills rivers with excesse,
 And as the drought agayne
 Doth draw them lesse and lesse,
 So I both fall and clyme,
 With yea and no sometime.

As they swell hie and hie,
 So doth encrease my state,
As they fall drye and drye,
 So doth my welth abate.
 As yea is mixt with no,
 So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure
 That lives and lackes reliefe ;
So nothing can stand sure
 Where change doth reign as chiefe ;
 Wherefore I must intende
 To bowe when others bende ;

And, when they laugh, to smile ;
 And, when they weep, to wayle ;
And, when they craft, begyle ;
 And, when they fight, assayle :
 And thinke there is no change
 Can make them seme too strange.

Oh, most unhappy slave !
 What man may leade this course ?
To lacke that he would have,
 Or els to do much worse :
 These be rewards for such
 As live and love too much.

OF HIS MISTRESSE, WHOSE NAME WAS
BAYES.

IN bayes I boast, whose braunch I beare,
Such joy therein I finde,
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carelesse minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her virtue may be seen ;
When other fruits and flowers decay,
The bay yet grows full green.
Her berries feed the birdes full oft ;
Her leves swete water make ;
Her boughs we set in every loft,
For their swete savour's sake :
The birdes do shroude them from the cold
In her we daily see ;
And men make arbbers as they would
Under the pleasant tree.
It doth me good when I repaire
There as these bayes do grow ;
Where oft I walk to take the air,
It doth delight me so.
But, lo ! I stand as I were dumme,
Her beauty for to blase,
Wherewith my spirites be overcome,
So long thereon I gase.

At last I turne unto my walke,
In passing to and fro,
And to my selfe I smile and talk,
And then away I go.
Why smilest thou? say lookers on;
What pleasure hast thou found?
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to swounde.
Fie, fie, for shame! sayth fansie then,
Pluck up thy fainted heart,
And speak thou boldly, like a man,
Shrink not for little smart.
Whereat I blush and change my cheare,
My senses wax so weak:
O God! think I, what make I here,
That never a word may speake;
I dare not sigh lest I be heard;
My looks I slyly cast,
And still I stand, as one were scar'd,
Untill my stormes be past.
Then happy hap doth me revive,
The blood comes to my face;
A merrier man is not alive
Than I am in that case.
Thus after sorrow seke I rest,
When fled is fancies fit;
And tho' I be a homely guest,
Before the bayes I sit,
Where I do watch till leaves do fall,
When winde the tree doth shake;

Then, tho' the branche be very small,
My leafe away I take.
And then I go and clap my handes,
My heart doth leap for joy.
These bayes do ease me from my bands
That long did me annoy :
For when I do behold the same,
Which makes so fair a show,
I find therein my mistress' name,
And see her virtues grow.

THAT LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMETH ALL
THINGS.

WHAT harder is than stone ?
What more than water soft ?
Yet with soft water drops
Hard stones be pierced oft.
What gives so strong impulse
That stone may ne withstand ?
What gives more weak repulse
Than water prest with hand ?
Yet weak though water be,
It holloweth hardest flint ;
By proof whereof we see
Time gives the hardest dint.

JOHN HARRINGTON,

THE ELDER.

Born about 1534, died 1582.

VERSES MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAME, WHEN I FIRST
THOUGHT HER FAYER, AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S
WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTYRE, AND TALKED TO DYVERS
IN THE COURTE-YARD.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose !
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose ;
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse ;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne ;
Ah, me ! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushyng cheek speakes modest mynde,
The lips befitting wordes most kynde ;
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire :
Yet all so faire but speake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kyndely speake
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to save my paine ?
O Venus ! take thy giftes again ;
Make not so faire to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

JOHN HARRYNGTON TO ISABELLA MARKHAME, 1549.

QUESTION.

ALAS! I love you overwell,
 Myne owne sweete deere delygte!
 Yet, for respects, I feare to tell
 What moves my troubled spryghte;
 What workes my woe, what breedes my smarte,
 What woundes myn harte and mynde;
 Reason restrayns me to emparte,
 Such perylls as I fynde.

ANSWER.

If present peryll reason fynde,
 And hope for helpe do haste,
 Unfolde the secretts of your mynde
 Whyles hope of helpe may take;
 And I will ease your payne and smarte,
 As yf yt weare myn owne;
 Respects and perylls put aparte,
 And let the truthe be knowne.

QUESTION.

The wordes be sounde, the sounde ys sweete,
 The sweete yeeldes bounty free;
 Noe wyghte hathe worthe to yeeld meed meete
 For grace of suche degree.

Now sythe my playnte dothe pytie move,
Graunt grace that I may taste
Such joys as angells feele above,
That lovingly may last.

ANSWER.

I yeeld with harte and wylling mynde
To doe all you desyre ;
Doubtinge no deale suche faythe to fynde
As suche truste dothe requier.
Now you have wealthe at your owne will,
And lawe at your owne lust,
To make or mar, to save or spill :—
Then be a conqueror juste.

REJOINDER.

Fyrste shall the sunne in darknes dwell,
The moone and starrs lacke lyghte,
Before in thoughte I doe rebell
Agaynste my lyve's delyghte :
Tryed is my truste, knowne ys my truthe ;
In tyme, my sweete, provyde,
Whilst bewtie florishe in thine youthe,
And breathe in me abyde.

EDWARD VERE,

EARL OF OXFORD,

Born about 1534, died 1604.

THE BIRTH OF DESIRE *.

WHEN wert thou born, Desire ?

“ In pomp and pride of May.”

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?

“ By good Conceit, men say.”

Tell me who was thy nurse ?

“ Fresh Youth in sugared joy.”

What was thy meat and daily food ?

“ Sore sighs and great annoy.”

What hadst thou, then, to drink ?

“ Unfeigned lovers' tears.”

What cradle were you rocked in ?

“ In Hope devoid of fears.”

What brought you, then, asleep ?

“ Sweet speech that men liked best.”

And where is now your dwelling place ?

“ In gentle hearts I rest.”

* This piece is printed in Nicholas Breton's *Bower of Delights*, 1597. Some of the verses appeared, in 1597, in Puttenham's *Arte of Englishe Poesie*, where they were ascribed to the Earl of Oxford.

Doth company displease ?

“ It doth in many a one.”

Where would Desire, then, chuse to be ?

“ He likes to be alone.”

What feedeth most your sight ?

“ To gaze on favour still.”

Who find you most to be your foe ?

“ Disdain of my good will.”

Will ever age or death

Bring you unto decay ?

“ No, no ; Desire both lives and dies

Ten thousand times a day.”

GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

Born about 1540, died about 1578.

A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER.

AMID my bale I bathe in blisse ;

I swimme in heaven, I sinke in hell ;

I finde amendes for every misse,

And yet my mone no tongue can tell :

I live and love, what would you more ?

As never lover lived before.

I laugh sometime with little lust,

So jest I oft and feele no joy ;

Mine ease is builded all on trust,

And yet mistrust breedes mine annoy :

I live and lacke, I lacke and have ;

I have and misse the thing I crave.

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew ;
Beleeve me, sweete, my state is such :
One pleasure which I would eschew
Both slakes my greefe and breedes my grutch :
So doth one paine, whiche I would shun,
Renew my joyes where greefe begun.

Then, like the larke that past the night
In heavy sleepe, with cares opprest ;
Yet, when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweete notes from out her brest :
So sing I now, because I thinke
How joyes approach when sorrowes shrinke.

And as faire Philomene againe
Can watch and sing when others sleepe,
And taketh pleasure in her paine,
To wray the woe that makes her weepe :
So sing I now for to bewray
The lothsome life I leade alway.

The which to thee (deare wench) I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my mone :
I pray God grant thee deepe delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live, it will not bee ;
I die to thinke to part from thee.

CERTAINE VERSES WRITTEN TO A GENTLEWOMAN WHOM HEE
LYKED VERY WELL, AND YET HAD NEVER ANY OPPORTUNITY
TO DISCOVER HIS AFFECTION, BEING ALWAIES BRIDLED BY
JELOUSE LOOKES, WHICH ATTENDED THEM BOTH; AND THERE-
FORE GUESSING BY HER LOOKES THAT SHE PARTLY ALSO
LYKED HIM, HE WROTE IN A BOOKE OF HERS AS FOLOWETH :

Thou, with thy lookes, on whom I looke full oft,
And finde therein great cause of deepe delight ;
Thy face is faire, thy skin is smooth and soft,
Thy lips are sweete, thine eyes are cleere and bright,
And every part seemes pleasant in my sight ;
Yet wote thou well, those lookes have wrought my woe,
Because I love to looke upon them so.

For first those lookes allured mine eye to looke,
And straight mine eye stirred up my hart to love ;
And cruel love, with deep deceitful hooke,
Choakt up my minde, whom fancie cannot move,
Nor hope relieve, nor other helpe behove ;
But still to looke, and though I looke too much,
Needes must I looke, because I see none such,

Thus in thy lookes my love and life have holde,
And with such life my death drawes on apace ;
And for such death no med'cine can be tolde,
But looking' still upon thy lovely face,
Wherein are painted pitie, peace, and grace :
Then, though thy lookes should cause me for to die,
Needes must I looke, because I live thereby.

Since, then, thy lookes my life have so in thrall,
As I can like none other lookes but thine,
Loe! here I yeelde my life, my love, and all
Into thy hands, and all things els resigne,
But libertie to gaze upon thine eyen :

Which when I doe, then thinke it were thy-part
To looke again, and linke with me in heart.

THE CONSTANCIE OF A LOVER.

THAT selfe same tongue which first did thee intreate
To lynke thy lyking with my lucky love ;
That trusty tongue must nowe these words repeate,
I love thee still, my fancy cannot move.
That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought
To win thy will with mine for to consent,
Maintains that vow which love in me first wrought,
I love thee still, and never shall repent.
That happy hand which hardily did touch
Thy tender body to my deepe delight,
Shall serve with sword to prove my passion such
As loves thee still, much more than it can write.
Thus love I still with tongue, hand, hart, and all ;
And, when I change, let vengeance on me fall.

FRANCIS KINDLEMARSH, OR KYNWELMERSH.

There is no memorial of the time of this writer's birth or death. Ritson says that he was of Gray's Inn, and that he united with George Gascoigne in translating the *Jocasta* of Euripides, in 1566.

A VERTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN IN PRAISE OF HER LOVE.

I AM a virgin faire and free, and freely do rejoyce ;
 I sweetly warble sugred notes from silver voice ;
 For which delightful joyes yet thanke I courteous love,
 By whose almightie power such sweet delights I prove.

I walke in pleasant fieldes adorned with lively greene,
 And view the fragrant flowers most lovely to be seene ;
 The purple columbine, the cowslippe, and the lillie,
 The violet sweet, the daisie, and yellow daffadillie ;

The woodbine in the hedge, the red rose and the white,
 And each fine flower else that rendreth sweet delight ;
 Amongst the which I chuse all those of seemliest grace,
 In thought resembling them to my deare lover's face.

His lovely face I mean, whose golden flowring giftes
 His ever living fame to loftie skye upliftes ;
 Whom loving me I love onley for vertue's sake,
 Whom vertuously to love all onely care I take.

Of all which fresh faire flowers, that flower which doth appear
In my conceit most like to him I holde so deere,
I gather it, I kisse it, and eke devise with it
Such kinde of lovely speech as is for lovers fit.

And then of all my flowers I make a garland fine,
With which my golden-wire haire together I do twine ;
And set it on my head, so taking that delight
That I would take, had I my lover still in sight.


For as in goodly flowers mine eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my lover's gifts most pleasant to my minde.
Upon which vertuous giftes I make more repast
Than they that for love sportes the sweetest joyes do taste.

EDMUND SPENSER,

Born about 1553, died 1598-9.

SONNET.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto ye can liken it ;
When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sun-shine in summer day,



That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray ;
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head :
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed ;
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
In winter's bower yet not well awake ;
Tell her the joyous time will not be stay'd,
Unless she do him by the forelock take.
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make,
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew ;
Where every one that misseth then her make *,
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.


* Mate or partner.

SONNET.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away ;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
“ Vain man,” said she, “ that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalise ;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.”
Not so, quoth I ; let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame :
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
And in the heavens write your glorious name ;
Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to the aiding others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyed in their praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck, did raise,



Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment * :
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,
And, having all your heads with garlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound :
Ne let the same of any be envied !
So Orpheus did for his own bride :
So I unto myself alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake ; and with fresh lustihed
Go to the bower of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove ;
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake ;
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead † that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake, therefore, and soon her dight,
For, lo ! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

* Sadness.

† Torch.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near ;
All with gay garlands goodly well-beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound, truelove-wise, with a blue silk ribànd :
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diaper'd like the discolored mead.
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken straight ;
The whilst do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla *, which, with careful heed,
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel ;)
And ye likewise which keep the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up your locks, the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,

* *The river Mulla, in the county of Cork, which flowed through the grounds of Kilcolman Castle, where Spenser resided.*

That when you come wheras my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spy.
And eke, ye light-foot maids which keep the deer
That on the hoary mountain use to tower,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
With your steel darts do chase from coming neer,
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake, for it is time ;
The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed
All ready to her silver coach to climb ;
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chaunt their lays,
And carol of love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;
The thrush replies ; the mavis descant plays ;
The ouzel shrills : the ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet concent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah ! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter 't were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make *,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among !
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were

* *Mate*, or partner.

With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight :

But first come ye, fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make, and still repair.

And ye, three hand-maids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride :

And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen ;

And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,

The whilst the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :

Let all the virgins therefore well await ;

And ye fresh boys that tend upon her groom,

Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight :

Set all your things in seemly good array,

Fit for so joyful day :

The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.

Fair sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,

And let thy life-full heat not fervent be,

For fear of burning her sun-shiney face,

Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !

If ever I did honour thee aright,

Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day be mine !
Let all the rest be thine :
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark ! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music, that resounds from far.
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd *,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite ;
The whilst the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noise,
As if it were one voice :
Hymen ! Io Hymen ! Hymen ! do they shout,
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill :
To which the people, standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud :
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east,

* A kind of fiddle.

Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before ?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with Beauty's grace, and Virtue's store ?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white ;
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;

EDMUND SPENSER.

And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whilst ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more, then, would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonish'd, like to those which read
Medusa's amazeful head.

There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty.
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will ;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these, her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo

Open the temple gates unto my love ;
Open them wide, that she may enter in ;

And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 That cometh in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view.
 Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places
 To humble your proud faces.
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make :
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whilst, with hollow throats,
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

* * * * *

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE,

Born 1562, died 1592.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That vallies, groves, and hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love *.

* This song is printed in England's Helicon, and it is sung by Maudlin, the pretty milkmaid, in Walton's Angler, where Raleigh's answer to it is sung by her mother.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

Born 1552, died 1618.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flock from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And Age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;

All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

THE SILENT LOVER.

WRONG not, dear empress of my heart,
The merits of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion ;

Since, if my complaints seem not to prove
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But from excess of duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection ;

I rather chuse to want relief,
Than venture the revealing :
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair destroys the healing.

Thus, those desires that climb too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet, when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that I should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
The beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dear heart of my heart,
My true, though secret passion ;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion *.

* This piece is copied from a volume of Poems published in 1660, and ascribed to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke—Lord Steward of the household to James I.—and Sir Benjamin Rudyer. In that collection, the above verses are given as the Earl of Pembroke's. In the copy of "The Silent Lover," printed as Raleigh's, in Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets, the fifth and sixth stanzas of the copy here given are wanting, while, to Mr. Ellis's Specimen, the following verses are prefixed :—

Passions are likened best to floods and streams ;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover,
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Born 1554, died 1586.

FAINT amorist ! what, dost thou think
 To taste love's honey, and not drink
 One dram of gall ? or to devour
 A world of sweet, and taste no sour ?
 Dost thou ever think to enter
 Th' Elysian Fields, that dar'st not venture
 In Charon's barge ? A lover's mind
 Must use to sail with every wind.

He that loves, and fears to try,
 Learns his mistress to deny.
 Doth she chide thee ? 'tis to shew it
 That thy coldness makes her do it.
 Is she silent ? is she mute ?
 Silence fully grants thy suit.
 Doth she pout and leave the room ?
 Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick ? why then, be sure,
 She invites thee to the cure.
 Doth she cross thy suit with " No ?"
 Tush ! she loves to hear thee woo.

Doth she call the faith of men
In question? nay, she loves thee then;
And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hitt'st her not.

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

THOMAS LODGE,

Born about 1560, died 1625.

Now I find thy looks were feigned,
Quickly lost and quickly gained;
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart, unstable, light as feathers;
Tongue untrusty; subtle-sighted,
Wanton will, with change delighted.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason!

Of thine eyes I made my mirror;
From thy beauty came mine error:
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy smiles I deemed pity;

Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,
First of all my heart deceived.

Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

Feign'd acceptance, when I asked ;
Lovely words, with cunning masked ;
Holy vows, but heart unholy ;
Wretched man ! my trust was folly !
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance.

Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow :
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint thee, dame despightful !
And whom time shall date thy glory,
Then, too late, thou wilt be sorry.

Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason !

THOMAS WATSON,

Born 1560, died about 1591.

This sonnet is perfectly patheticall, and consisteth in two principall points: wherof the first conteyneth an accusation of Love for his hurtfull effects and usuall tyrannie; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the author's evill words, by casting the same upon the necke of his beloved, as being the onely cause of his late frenzy and blasphemous rage so lavishly powred forth in fowle speaches.

LOVE is a sowr delight ; a sugred greefe ;
 A living death ; an ever-dying life ;
 A breache of reason's lawe ; a secret theefe ;
 A sea of teares ; an everlasting strife ;
 A bayte for fooles ; a scourge of noble witts ;
 A deadly wound ; a shot which ever hitts.
 Love is a blinded god ; an angrye boye ;
 A labyrinth of dowbts ; an ydle lust ;
 A slave to Beautie's will ; a witless toy ;
 A ravening bird ; a tyrant most unjust ;
 A burning heate ; a cold ; a flattringe foe ;
 A private hell ; a very world of woe.
 Yet, mightie Love, regard not what I saye,
 Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts,
 But blame the light that leads me thus astraye,
 And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantike fitts :
 Yet hurt her not, lest I susteyne the smart,
 Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

WHEN Maye is in his prime, and youthfull Spring
 Doth cloath the tree with leaves, the ground with flowers,
 And time of year reviveth ev'ry thing,
 And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowers ;
 Then Philomela most doth straine her brest
 With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.

This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
 To whom fond Love doth worke such wrongs by day,
 That in the night my heart must needs repine,
 And storme with sighs to ease me as I may ;
 Whilst others are becalmed, or lye them still,
 Or sayle secure with wind and tide at will.

And as all those that heare this bird complaine,
 Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
 Without remorse or pitying her paine ;
 So she for whom I waile both daye and night,
 Doth sport her selfe in hearing my complaint :
 A just reward for serving such a saint.

FROM

"A HANDEFULL OF PLEASANT DELITES ;

BY

CLEMENT ROBINSON AND DIVERS OTHERS,"

1584.

A NOSEGAIE ALWAIES SWEET, FOR LOVERS TO SEND FOR TOKENS
OF LOVE, AT NEW-YERES TIDE, OR FOR FAIRINGS, AS THEY
IN THEIR MINDS SHALL BE DISPOSED TO WRITE.

A NOSEGAIE lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send,
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend :
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas in the field,
Even with his hard congealed frost,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten misse.
Accept this, then, as time doth serve ;
Be thankful for the same ;
Despise it not, but keep it well,
And marke with flowers his name.

Lavander is for lovers true,
Which evermore be faine;
Desiring alwaies for to have
Some pleasure for their paine :
And when that they obtained have
The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joie,
And quenched is the fire.

Rosemarie is for remembrance
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might alwaies have
You present in my sight ;
And when I cannot have,
(As I have said before,)
Then Cupid, with his deadly dart,
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for sustenance,
That should man's life sustaine ;
For I do still lie languishing
Continually in paine ;
And shall do still, untill I die,
Except thou favour show :
My paine, and all my grievous smart,
Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing 'tis sure :
But I have alwaies meant truly,
With constant heart most pure ;

And will continue in the same,
As long as life doth last ;
Still hoping for a joyful day
When all our paines be past.

Violet is for faithfulnessse,
Which in me shall abide ;
Hoping, likewise, that from your heart
You will not let it slide :
And will continue in the same,
As you have now begunne ;
And there for ever to abide,
When you my heart have wonne.

Time is to try me,
As each be tried must ;
Trusting, you know, while life doth last,
I will not be unjust ;
And if I should, I would to God
To hell my soule should beare,
And eke, also, that Belzebub
With teeth he should me teare.

Roses is to rule me,
With reason, as you will,
For to be still obedient
Your mind for to fulfill ;
And thereto will not disagree
In nothing that you say ;
But will content your mind truly
In all things that I may.

Jeliflowers is for gentleness,
Which in me shall remaine,
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our hearts in twaine.
As soone the sunne shall lose his course,
The moone, against her kinde,
Shall have no light, if that I do
Once put you from my minde.

Carnations is for graciousnesse ;
(Mark that, now, by the way ;)
Have no regard to flatterers,
Nor passe not what they say :
For they will come with lying tales,
Your eares for to fulfill ;
In any case, do you consent
Nothing unto their will.

Marigolds is for marriage,
That would our minds suffice,
Least that suspicion of us twaine
By any means should rise :
As for my part, I do not care ;
My self I will still use,
That all the women in the world
For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this nosegay on,
My pain you may impart :

And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my wo ;
Think ye, then, how to recompence
Even him that loves you so.

Cowslips is for counsell,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone
Should know the thing we meane :
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be the best,
Then have you surely won the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you, keep this nosegay well,
And set by it some store :
(And thus, farewell ! the gods thee guide
Both now and evermore !)
Not as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast ;
That, when the smell is gone away,
On ground he takes his rest.

A NEW COURTLY SONET,
OF
THE LADY GREENSLEEVES,
TO THE NEW TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES."

(Chorus, repeated at the conclusion of each stanza.)

*Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight ;
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.*

ALAS ! my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously :
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company !

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave :
I have both waged life and land
Your love and good-will for to have,

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly :
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.

HANDEFULL OF PLEASANT DELITES.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be :
I gave thee jewels for thy chest ;
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroider'd gorgeously :
Thy petticoat of sendall * right ;
And this I bought thee gladly.

Thy girdle of the gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,
' Thy pin-case gallant to the eye :
No better wore the burgess' wives :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee ;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by ;
Which made thee be our harvest queen :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

* A kind of thin silk.

Thy garters, fringed with the gold,
And silver aglets* hanging by;
Which made thee blithe to behold :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee :
No lady ever was so brave :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee :
All this was gallant to be seen :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility ;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

For every morning, when thou rose,
I set thee dainties orderly ;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily ;
Thy music still to play and sing :
And yet thou wouldst not love me !

* Aglets ; *aiguillette*, a lace with tags.

HENRY WILLOBY.

And who did pay for all this gear,
 That thou didst spend when pleased thee?
 Even I that am rejected here:
 And thou disdainest to love me!

Well! I will pray to God on high,
 That thou my constancy mayst see;
 And that, yet once before I die,
 Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
 God I pray to prosper thee!
 For I am still thy lover true:
 Come once again and love me!

 HENRY WILLOBY,

Supposed to have been born about 1540, and to have died about 1595. It is not, however, unlikely that the above name was merely assumed by Hadrian Dorrell, who, as editor, first published "Willobie his Avisa," a collection of love poems, in 1594.

* * * * *

THE flowering hearbes, the pleasant spring
 That deckes the fieldes with vernal hew,
 The harmlesse birdes that sweetly sing,
 My hidden griefes do still renew:
 The joyes that others long to see
 Is it that most tormenteth me.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,
Where I shall see that wished May,
That can recure that balefull blast,
Whose cold despaire wrought my decay :
 My hopelesse cloudes that never cleere,
 Presage great sorrowes very neere.

I once did mirth and musicke love,
Which both as now I greatly hate :
What uncouth sprite my heart doth move
To loath the thing I loved so late ?
 My greatest ease, in deepest mone,
 Is when I walke myselfe alone :

Where, thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares like rivers flow ;
Yet Fancy lulls me in her lap,
And telles me lyfe from death shall grow :
 Thus flattering hope makes me believe
 My grieve in tyme shall feele relieve.

Good fortune helps the venturing wight
That hard attempts dares undertake,
But they that shun the doubtful fight,
As coward drudges, doth forsake :
 Come what there will, I meane to try,
 For, winne or lose, I can but dye.

HOPELESS LOVE.

I WILL not wish, I cannot vow
Thy hurt, thy griefe, though thou disdaine,
Though thou refuse, I know not how,
To quite my love with love again :
Since I have swore to be thy frend,
As I began so will I end.

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,
Conspire with greefe to stop my breath,
Yet still thy frend, and not thy foe,
I will remayne untill my death :
Choose whom thou wilt, I will resigne,
If love or faith be like to mine.

But while I, wretch, too long have lent
My wandering eyes to gaze on thee,
I have both tyme and travail spent
In vaine, in vaine ; and now I see
They do but frutelesse paine procure
To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

When I am dead, yet thou mayst boast
Thou hadst a frend, a faithfull frend,
That, living, liv'd to love thee most,
And lov'd thee still unto his end :
Tho', thou unworthy, with disdaine,
Didst force him live and dye in paine.

Now may I sing, now sigh, now say,
 Farewell, my lyfe ! farewell, my joy !
 Now mourne by night, now weepe by day ;
 Love, too much love, breeds myne annoy :
 What can I wish, what should I crave,
 Sith that is gone that I should have ?

Though hope be turned to despaire,
 Yet give my tongue leave to lament ;
 Beleeve me now, my hart doth sweare
 My lucklesse love was truly meant :
 Thou art too proud—I say no more ;
 Too stout, and wo is me therefore.

NICHOLAS BRETON,

Born about 1555, died about 1624.

A SOLEMN FANCY.

SORROW in my heart breedeth
 A cockatrice's nest,
 Where every young bird feedeth
 Upon my heart's unrest.

Where every peck they give me,
 (Which every hour they do,)
 Unto such pain they drive me,
 I know not what to do.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

O brood, unhap'ly hatch'd !
Of such a cursed kind,
Where death and sorrow matched,
Live but to kill the mind.


Words' torments are but trifles,
That but conceits confound ;
And Nature's griefs but nifies
Unto the spirit's wound.

They are but Care's good-morrows,
That passions can declare ;
While my heart's inward sorrows
Are all without compare.

Fortune she seeks to swear me
To all may discontent me ;
Yet says, she doth forbear me,
She doth no more torment me.

Beauty she doth retain me
In scarce a favour's tittle,
And though she do disdain me,
She thinks my grief too little.

Love falls into a laughing
At Reason's little good,
While Sorrow, with her quaffing,
Is drunk with my heart-blood.



But let her drink, and spare not,
Untill my heart be dry ;
And let Love laugh, I care not ;
My hope is, I shall die !

And death shall only tell
My froward fortune's fashion,
That nearest unto hell
Was found the lover's passion.

A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

DOETH Love live in Beauty's eyes ?
Why, then, are they so unloving ?
Patience in her passion proving
There his sorrow chiefly lies.

Lives belief in lovers' hearts ?
Why, then, are they unbelieving ?
Hourly so the spirit grieving
With a thousand jealous smarts.

Is there pleasure in love's passion ?
Why, then, is it so unpleasing,
Heart and spirit both diseasing,
Where the wits are out of fashion ?

No : Love sees in Beauty's eyes
 He hath only lost his seeing.
 Where, in Sorrow's only being
 All his comfort wholly dies :

Pain within the heart of love,
 Fearful of the thing it hath,
 Treading of a trembling path,
 Doth but jealousy approve.

In Love's passion, then, what pleasure,
 Which is but a lunacy,
 Where grief, fear, and jealousy,
 Plague the senses out of measure ?

Farewell, then, unkindly fancy,
 In thy courses all too cruel :
 Woe the price of such a jewel
 As turns reason to a frenzy !

ANONYMOUS.

Printed in the British Bibliographer, from a MS. of the time of
 Queen Elizabeth.

OF LINGERING LOVE.

In lingering love mislikinge growes,
 Wherby our fancies ebbs and flowes ;
 We love to day, and hate to morne,
 And dayly when we list to scorne.

Take heed, therefore,
If she mislike, then love no more :
Quick speed makes waste ;
Love is not gotten in such haste.

The suit is colde that soone is done ;
The fort is feeble, eas'ly wonne :
The hawk that soon comes by her prey,
May take a toy and soar away.

Mark what means this ;
Some thinke to hit, and yet they miss :
First creepe, then goe ;
Me thinke our love is handled soe.

For lacke of bellowes the fire goes out ;
Some say the nighest way is about :
Few things are had without some suit ;
The tree at first will bear no fruit.

Serve long, hope well,
Loe here is all that I can tell :
Time tries out troth,
And troth is liked wherere it go'th.

Some thinke all theirs that they do seeke ;
Some wantons woo but for a weeke ;
Some woo to shew their subtle wits,
Such palfreys play upon their bits.

Fine heads, God knows,
That plucke a nettle for a rose !
They meet their match,
And fare the worse because they snatch.

We silly women can not rest
 For men that love to woo in jest ;
 Some lay their baite in ev'ry nooke,
 And ev'ry fish doth spie their hooke.

Ill ware, good cheape *,
 Which makes us looke before we leape ;
 Craft can cloke much ;
 God save all simple souls from such !

Though lingeringe love be lost some while,
 Yet lingeringe lovers laugh and smile ;
 Who will not linger for a day,
 To banish hope, and hop away ?

Love must be plied ;
 Who thinkes to sayle must wait the tide.
 Thus ends his dance :
 God send all lingerers happie chance !

SAMUEL DANIEL,

Born 1562, died 1619.

SONNET.

I MUST not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile ;
 Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
 And she is young, and now must sport the while.

* Bargain.

And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither,
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise ;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair ;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one !

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers ;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright ray warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
My field of flowers, quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
 Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
 Knows the name of my fierce fair,
 And sounds the accents of my ills :
 Each thing pities my despair,
 Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she, O cruel maid !
 Doth me and my love despise,
 My life's flourish is decay'd
 That depended on her eyes :
 But her will must be obey'd,
 And well he ends for love who dies.

SONG.

[In " Hymen's Triumph."]

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing ;
 A plant that with most cutting grows ;
 Most barren with best using :
 Why so ?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
 Hey, ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting ;

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting :
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho !

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Born 1564, died 1616.

SONNET.

[In " England's Helicon," and " Love's Labour Lost."]

On a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
" Air," quoth he, " thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack ! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ;
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet ;

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

SONG.

[In "Much Ado about Nothing."]

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey ! nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey ! nonny, nonny.

SONG.

[In "Twelfth Night."]

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it !
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there !

SONG.

[From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."]

"WHO is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?"
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

“ Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness.”
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

SONG *.

TAKE, oh ! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain !

Hide, oh ! hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee !

* This song has been ascribed to Fletcher, in whose tragedy of Rollo Duke of Normandy, printed in 1640, *both* stanzas are to be found. As the *first*, however, occurs in Shakspeare's play of Measure for Measure they are both claimed for him by Mr. Malone.—ELLIS.

SONNET XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SONNET LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.

But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

SONNET LXIV.

WHEN I have seen, by Time's fell hand defaced,
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat :
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,—
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As, after sun-set, fadeth in the west,
Which, by and by, black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet, nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer-story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose :
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

SONNET XCIX.

THE forward violet thus did I chide :—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweetest smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends, with the remover to remove :
O no ! It is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, and no man ever lov'd.

SIR HENRY WOTTON,

Born 1568, died 1639.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light !
You common people of the skies !
What are you when the sun shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents ! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own !
What are you when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind ;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen !
Tell me if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

WILLIAM SMITH,

Born about 1571, died —

SONNET.

THY beauty subject of my song I make,
O fairest fair, on whom depends my life !
Refuse not then the task I undertake
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife ;
But with one smile remunerate my toil ;
None other guerdon I of thee desire :
Give not my lowly muse, new-hatch'd the foil,
But warmth, that she may at the length aspire
Unto the temples of thy star-bright eyes,
Upon whose round orbs perfect beauty sits ;
From whence such glorious crystal beams arise,
As best my Chloris' seemly face befits :
Which eyes, which beauty, which bright crystal beam,
Which face of thine, hath made my love extreme.

BEN JONSON,

Born 1574, died 1637.

SONG.—TO CELIA.

[From "The Forest."]

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

SONG.

[From "The Silent Woman."]

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all th' adulteries of art:
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

THOMAS CAMPION,

Born about 1575, died about 1640.

[From F. Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602.]

OF HIS MISTRESS' FACE.

AND would you see my mistress' face?
 It is a flow'ry garden place,
 Where knots of beauty have such grace,
 That all is work, and no where space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born ;
It is a meadow yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak to dazzle and to vex ;
It is th' Idæa of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles.
Pleasing, though it kills the whites ;
Where Death and Love, in pretty wiles.
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair Beauty's freshest youth ;
It is the feign'd Elisium's truth ;
The spring that wintered hearts renew'th.
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

THOMAS CAREW,

Born about 1577, died 1634.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs ;
Mark how, at first, with bended knee
He courts the crystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd,
Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place,
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despised, fair maid,
When by the sated lover tasted !
What first he did with tears invade
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted :
When all thy virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia, (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown !
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it imp'd the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine ;
I gave it to thy voice and eyes ;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies :
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere,
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate !
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore ;
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise poets that wrapp'd Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale !
 Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail ;
 Grief is infectious, and the air
 Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair !
 Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
 Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
 Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
 That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when Beauty darts
 Amorous glances at your hearts !
 The fixed mark gives the shooter aim,
 And ladies' looks have power to maim ;
 Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
 Wrapp'd in a smile, or kiss, Love lies.—
 Then fly betimes ; for only they
 Conquer Love that run away.

THE EDDY.

MARK how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay ;
There, locked up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her head-long from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display
T' embrace and clip her silver waves.
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny ;
Whereat she frowns, threat'ning to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.

Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream.
Let him to wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste :
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year ;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears :
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break ;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

WILLIAM HERBERT,

EARL OF PEMBROKE,

Born about 1580, died 1630.

The following specimens of the Earl of Pembroke's love verses are transcribed from a volume entitled, "Poems written by the Right Honourable William Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of his Majesties Household. Whereof many were answered, by way of Repartee, by Sir Benjamin Ruddier, Knight." The volume is an octavo, of 118 pages, printed at London, 1660, by Matthew Inman, and sold by James Magnes. There is prefixed to it a dedicatory epistle to Christiana Countess of Devonshire, subscribed "John Donne." In

a short address to the reader, it is stated that some of the pieces were set to music by Mr. Henry Laws, and that some two or three copies of verses (inserted as the Earl of Herbert's) were to be suspected as spurious. The latter part of this notice was certainly necessary ; for in the collection "The Silent Lover," generally admitted to be Raleigh's, and "The Eddy," with two or three more pieces by Carew, are printed as the Earl of Pembroke's.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR, leave thy home and come with me,
That scorn the world for love of thee ;
Here we will live, within this park,
A court of joy and pleasure's ark.

Here we will hunt, here we will range ;
Constant in love, our sports we'll change :
Of hearts, if any change we make,
I will have thine, thou mine shalt take.

Here we will walk upon the lawns,
And see the tripping of the fawns ;
And all the deer shall wait on thee,—
Thou shalt command both them and me.

The leaves a whisp'ring noise shall make,
Their musick-notes the birds shall wake ;
And while thou art in quiet sleep,
Through the green wood shall silence keep.

And while my herds about thee feed,
Love's lessons in thy face I'll read,
And feed upon thy lovely look,
For beauty hath no fairer book.

It's not the weather, nor the air,
It is thy self, that is so fair ;
Nor doth it rain when heaven lowers,
But when you frown, then fall the showers.

One sun alone moves in the sky,—
Two suns thou hast, one in each eye ;
Only by day that sun gives light,—
Where thine doth rise there is no night.

Fair starry twins, scorn not to shine
Upon my lambs, upon my kine ;
My grass doth grow, my corn and wheat,
My fruit, my vines, thrive by their heat.

Thou shalt have wool, thou shalt have silk,
Thou shalt have honey, wine, and milk ;
Thou shalt have all, for all is due
Where thoughts are free and love is true.

INCONSTANCY OF LOVE.

So glides along a wanton brook
With gentle pace into the main ;
Courting the banks with amorous look
He never means to see again :
And so does Fortune use to smile
Upon the short-lived fav'rite's face,
Whose swelling hopes she does beguile,
And always casts him in the race :
And so doth the fantastick boy,
The god of the ill-managed flames,
Who ne'er kept word in promised joy
To lover nor to loving dames :
So all alike will constant prove,
Both Fortune, running streams, and Love.

LOVE HATH NO PHYSICIAN.

A RESTLESS lover I espy'd,
That went from place to place ;
Lay down and turned from side to side,
And sometimes on his face ;
And when that med'cines were applied,
In hope of intermission,
As one that felt no ease, he cried,
“ Has Cupid no physician ? ”

What do the ladies with their looks,
 Their kisses, and their smiles ?
Can no receipts in those fair books
 Repair their former spoils ?
But they complain as well as we,
 Their pains have no remission ;
And when both sexes wounded be,
 “ Hath Cupid no physician ? ”

Have we such palsies and such pains,
 Such fevers and such fits,
No quintessential chymick grains,
 No Æsculapian wits,
No creature can beneath the sun
 Prevail in opposition ?
And when all wonders can be done,
 “ Hath Cupid no physician ? ”

Into what poison do they dip
 Their arrows and their darts,
That, touching but an eye or lip,
 The pain goes to our hearts ?
But now I see, before I get
 Into their inquisition,
That Death had never surgeon yet,
 Nor Cupid a physician.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

JOHN FLETCHER, *born 1576, died 1625.*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, *born 1585, died 1615.*

SONG.

[In "The Captain."]

TELL me, dearest, what is love ?

" 'Tis a lightning from above ;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire ;

'Tis a boy they call Desire ;

'Tis a grave

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove."

Tell me more, are women true ?

" Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you men first taught to change ;

And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew."

Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?

" Yes, and sicken sore, but live,

And be wise, and delay,

When you men are as wise as they."—

Then I see

Faith will be

Never, till they both believe.

SONG.

[In "A Wife for a Month."]

LET those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes :
With roses gently he has corrected me ;
My war is without rage or blows ;
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
A hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet peace ;
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being bless'd with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply ?
A golden gyve *, a pleasing wrong.
To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

* A fetter.

ROBERT HERRICK,

*Born 1591, died about 1664.*TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER
TOYING OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
 Still with your curls, and kiss the time away.
 You blame me, too, because I can't devise
 Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes ;
 By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
 The most I love, when I the least express it.
 Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
 To give, if any, yet but little sound.
 Deep waters noise-less are ; and this we know,
 That chiding streams betray small depth below.
 So when Love speechless is, she doth express
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry ;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

**E BLEEDING HAND ; OR THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE
GIVEN TO A MAID.**

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of Eglantine,
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets, shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left off love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with tears are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be,
For their lost love, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid,
Come to weep out the night.

THE KISS.—A DIALOGUE.

1. AMONG thy fancies tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss ?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry-red,
By love and warm desires fed,
Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies,
Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, now here, now there ;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near,
Chor. And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue ? 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say ? 2. Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss ;
Chor. And this Love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ? 2. Aye, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings ;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

FROM "WIT RESTORED,"

1658.

THE PRINCIPAL WRITERS IN "WIT RESTORED" WERE,

SIR JOHN MEMNIS, *born 1598, died 1670*; andDR. JAMES SMITH, *born 1604, died 1667*.

 TO B. R., IN RETURN FOR HER BRACELET.

'Tis not, dear love, that amber twist,
Which circles round my captive wrist,
Can have the power to make me more
Your pris'ner than I was before ;
Though I that bracelet dearer hold
Than misers would a chain of gold ;
Yet this but ties my outward part,—
Heart-strings alone can tie my heart.

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath,
Your hands did unto mine bequeath,
Can bind with half so powerful charms
As the embraces of your arms ;
Although not iron bands, my fair,
Can bind more fiercely than your hair :
Yet what will chain me most will be,
Your heart in true-love's knot to me.

'Tis not those beams, your hairs, nor all
Your glorious outside doth me thrall,—
Although your looks have force enow,
To make the stateliest tyrants bow,

Nor any angel could deny
Your person his idolatry,—
Yet I do not so much adore
The temple, but the goddess more.

If, then, my soul you would confine
To prison, tie your heart to mine ;
Your noble virtues, constant love,
The only powerful chains will prove
To bind me ever: such as those
The hands of death shall ne'er unloose.
Until I such a pris'ner be,
No liberty can make me free.

EDMUND WALLER,

Born 1605, died 1687.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the milky way,
Framed of many nameless stars !
The smooth stream, where none can say
He this drop to that prefers !

Amoret, my lovely foe !
Tell me where thy strength does lie ?
Where the power that charms us so ?
In thy soul, or in thy eye ?

EDMUND WALLER.

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done ;
Yet thy waist is straight and clean
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,
And powerful too as either god.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In desarts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then, die ; that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale that held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair :
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO A LADY, SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice the boy had burn'd.

WILLIAM HABINGTON,

Born 1605, died 1654.

TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

YE blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her breasts ;
For he'd prophane so chaste a fair
Who e'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow,
How rich a perfume do ye yield !
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' the open field.

In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be :
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose breast hath marble been to me.

TO CASTARA.

Do not their prophane orgies hear,
Who but to wealth no altars rear :
The soul 's oft pois'ned through the ear.

Castara, rather seek to dwell
I' th' silence of a private cell :
Rich discontent 's a glorious hell.

Yet Hindlip * doth not want extent
Of room (though not magnificent),
To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the early spring,
That wealthy stock of nature bring,
Of which the Sybil's books did sing.

From fruitless palms shall honey flow,
And barren winter harvest show,
While lilies in his bosom grow.

No north wind shall the corn infest,
But the soft spirit of the east,
Our scent with perfum'd banquets feast.

A satyr here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweet nectar from a fairy's lip.

* The poet's residence.

The Nymphs with quivers shall adorn
 Their active sides, and rouse the morn
 With the shrill musick of their horn.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
 Fair Daphne her fair self shall free
 From the chaste prison of a tree,

And with Narcissus (to thy face
 Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
 Shall once again pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdom did discuss
 Of these as fictions, shall in us
 Find they were more than fabulous.

THOMAS RANDOLPH,

Born 1605, died 1634.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A NYMPH AND A SHEPHERD.

WHY sigh you, swain? this passion is not common;
 Is't for your kids or lambkins?—"For a woman."
 How fair is she that on so sage a brow
 Prints low'ring looks?—"Just such a toy as thou."
 Is she a maid?—"What man can answer that?"
 Or widow?—"No."—What then?—"I know not what.
 Saint-like she looks; a syren if she sing;
 Her eyes are stars; her mind is every thing."

If she be fickle, shepherd, leave to woo,
Or fancy me.—“ No : thou art woman too.”
But I am constant.—“ Then thou art not fair.”
Bright as the morning !—“ Wavering as air !”
What grows upon this cheek ?—“ A pure carnation.”
Come taste a kiss.—“ O sweet, O sweet temptation !”

BOTH.

Ah, Love, and canst thou never lose the field ?
Where Cupid lays the siege, the town must yield ;
He warms the chilly blood with glowing fire,
And thaws the icy frost of cold desire.

JOHN MILTON,

Born 1608, died 1674.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE ! that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still ;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O ! if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate

Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING,

Born 1609, died 1641.

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?

Prithee, why so pale ?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail ?

Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?

Prithee, why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't ?

Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move

This cannot take her :

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her !

A BALLAD * UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh ! things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
 Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king, (God bless him !) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.

Occasioned by the marriage of Roger Boyle, the first earl of
ery (then Lord Broghill), with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter
he Earl of Suffolk.—ELLIS.


At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i'th' town ;
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But, wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid ;
Yet, by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale ;
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce)—
No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :



But, oh ! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight !

* * * * *

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone ;)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
(The side that 's next the sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly) ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * * * *

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride;
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey:
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house*,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, Dick?)

* The house seems to turn round as the "youths" get tipsy.

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;
Then dance again and kiss :
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride :—
But that he must not know :—
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay,
Like new-fall'n snow melting away :
('Twas time, I trow, to part.)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
“ Good bye ! with all my heart.”

But just as heavens would have, to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset ;
The bridegroom ate in spite ;
For had he left the women to 't,
It would have cost two hours to do 't,
Which were too much that night.

* * * * *

RICHARD LOVELACE,

Born 1618, died 1658.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fetter'd to her eye,—
 The birds, that wanton in the air,
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,—
 Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing

The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

Born 1618, died 1667.

THE CHANGE.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
Love does on both her lips for ever stay,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there :
In all her outward parts Love 's always seen ;
But, oh ! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride :
So the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do dress
With other beauties numberless ;
But at the centre darkness is, and hell ;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned, dwell.

With me, alas ! quite contrary it fares ;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair, and paleness, in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies ;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh ! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stored enough of love :
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

THOMAS STANLEY,

Born about 1625, died 1678.

THE ENRAPTURED LOVER.

WHEN I lie burning in thine eye,
Or freezing in thy breast,
What martyrs in wished flames that die,
Are half so pleased or blest ?

When thy soft accents through mine ear
Into my soul do fly,
What angel would not quit his sphere
To hear such harmony ?

Or when the kiss thou gav'st me last,
My soul stole in its breath,
What life would sooner be embraced,
Than so desired a death ?

Then think no freedom I desire,
Or would my fetters leave ;
Since, Phoenix-like, I from this fire
Both life and youth receive.

SPEAKING AND KISSING.

THE air which thy smooth voice doth break,
Into my soul like lightning flies ;
My life retires whilst thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.


Lost in this pleasing extacy,
I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools, t' inquire
What numbers do the soul compose ;
No harmony can life inspire,
But that which from these accents flows.

THE RESOLVE.

I PRAY thee let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis raised above thee ;
Not all the beauty thou didst own,
Again can make me love thee.

He that was ship-wrecked once before
By such a syren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.



Each flutt'ring kiss, each tempting smile
 Which thou in vain bestows,
 Some other lover might beguile,
 Who not thy falsehood knows.

But I am proof against all art ;
 No vows shall e'er persuade me
 Twice to present a wounded heart
 To her that hath betrayed me.

Could I again be brought to love
 Thy form, though more divine,
 I might thy scorn as justly move,
 As now thou sufferest mine.

THE RELAPSE.

OH, turn away those cruel eyes,
 The stars of my undoing !
 Or death in such a bright disguise,
 May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride
 Who dare contemn thy glory :
 It was my fall that deified
 Thy name, and sealed thy story,

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee ;
 Though my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel ;
 And, if thou burn one victim twice,
 Both think thee poor and cruel.

JOHN DRYDEN,

Born 1631, died 1701.

SONG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
 Reserved for your victorious eyes :
 From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
 O pity and distinguish me !
 As I, from thousand beauties more,
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd ;
 Your every motion charms my mind ;
 Angels, when you your silence break,
 Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
 But when, at once, they hear and view,
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY GOING OUT OF THE
TOWN IN THE SPRING.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter-storms invert the year :
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair !
She cast not back a pitying eye ;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die :
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure !

Great God of Love ! why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land ?
Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
 Adoring crowds before her fall ;
 She can restore the dead from tombs,
 And every life but mine recal.
 I only am by love design'd
 To be the victim of mankind.

SONG.

[In "Tyrannic Love."]

AH, how sweet it is to love !
 Ah, how gay is young Desire !
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach Love's fire !
 Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart :
 E'en the tears they shed alone
 Cure like trickling balm their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use !
 Treat them like a parting friend :
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send :
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein :
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again :
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY,

Born about 1639, died 1708.

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sigh, nor oaths, to make it known :
And, to convince the cruell'st maid,
Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,
And he that most would hide his flame
Does in that case his pain reveal :
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread,
Whose guilty passions are begun,
Not in their heart, but in their head.


I could not sigh, and with cross'd arms
Accuse your rigour, and my fate ;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore, and women hate ;

But careless lov'd, and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spied ;
And thinking it a foolish part
To set to show what none can hide.

“ HEARS not my Phillis how the birds
Their feather'd mates salute ?
They tell their passion in their words ;—
Must I alone be mute ? ”
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

“ The god of Love in thy bright eyes
Does like a tyrant reign ;
But in my heart a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame.”
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

“ So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve.”



Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

“ Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain ? ”
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

CHARLES MORDAUNT,

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

Born 1658, died 1735.

In the following lines, addressed to Mrs. HOWARD, afterwards
COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK, it is likely that his Lordship was assisted
by GAY.

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
“ Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation ? ”

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply :—
“ See, the heart without motion, though Celia pass by !
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

" When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit so refined
 I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
 Whatever she says is with spirit and fire ;
 Every word I attend, but I only admire.

" Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim :
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
 Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

" But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
 When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
 The leapings, the achings, return all again."

O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season ;
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she ?

MATTHEW PRIOR,

Born 1664, died 1721.

THE DISSEMBLERS.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrowed name ;
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd :
I sung and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :
And Venus, to the Loves around,
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.


Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours pass'd,
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak ;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
“ My love, my life, (said I,) explain
This change of humour ; prythee tell,
That falling tear—what does it mean ? ”

She sigh'd ; she smil'd ; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
“ See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made !

“ Ah me ! the bloming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one ;
At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.



“ At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bow'd ;
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

“ Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.”

JOHN GAY,

Born 1688, died 1732

SONG.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined :
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look ;—
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

“ Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let a lover rest ;
Ah ! what 's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

“ The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair ;
But what 's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You may find some richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

“ How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain ?
Why, then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.”

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spied ;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,

Born 1692, died 1742.

THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER *.

DEAD to the soft delights of love,
 Spare me! O spare me, cruel boy!
 Nor seek in vain that heart to move,
 Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,
 (When smit with fair Pastora's charms,)
 I served thee many a long campaign,
 And wide I spread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty god! dismiss thy slave,
 To feeble age let youth succeed;
 Recruit among the strong and brave,
 And kindly spare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares!
 Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!
 My soul for better guests prepares;
 Reason restored, and Virtue reigns.

* An imitation of Horace, Lib. IV. Carm. 1.

But why, my Chloe ! tell me why,
 Why trickles down this silent tear ?
 Why do those blushes rise and die ?
 Why stand I mute when thou art here ?

E'en sleep affords my soul no rest,
 Thee bathing in the stream I view ;
 With thee I dance, with thee I feast,
 Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires !
 Thy vassal's raging pains remove ;
 I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
 Oh ! take my life, or crown my love !

JAMES THOMSON,

Born 1700, died 1748.

SONG.

UNLESS with my Amanda bless'd,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing ;
 In vain the freshening fields appear :-
 Without my love there is no Spring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away ;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the love of life is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune ! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SOAME JENYNS,

Born 1703-4, died 1787.

CHLOE ANGLING.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd side,
 Behold, my Chloe stands !
 Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
 As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear
 Her thoughts serenely flow,
 Calm as the softly breathing air
 That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,
 With such soft power endued,
 She seems a new-born Venus rose
 From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,
 A scaly race repair ;
 They sport beneath the crystal wave,
 And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel, enroll'd
 In shining volumes, lies ;
 There basks the carp, bedropp'd with gold,
 In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The timorous trouts appear;
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The timorous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew
To the fair tempter fly;
Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late;
Ah, simple fish, beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And struggle in the snare.

But, fair one, though these toils succeed,
Of conquest be not vain;
Nor think o'er all the scaly breed
Unpunish'd thus to reign.

Remember, in a watery glass
His charms Narcissus spied,
When for his own bewitching face
The youth despair'd and died.

No more then harmless fish ensnare,
No more such wiles pursue;
Lest, whilst you baits for them prepare,
Love find one out for you.

CHLOE HUNTING.

WHILST thousands court fair Chloe's love,
She fears the dangerous joy,
But, Cynthia-like, frequents the grove,
As lovely and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare ;
She leaves pursuing swains behind,
To languish and despair.

Oh, strange caprice in thy dear breast,
Whence first this whim began ;
To follow thus each worthless beast,
And shun their sovereign, man !

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both must die ;
Not surer they, when you pursue,
Than we, whene'er you fly.

SAMUEL BOYSE,

Born 1708, died 1749.

ON PLATONIC LOVE.

PLATONIC Love!—a pretty name
 For that romantic fire,
 When souls confess a mutual flame,
 Devoid of loose desire.

If this new doctrine once prove true,
 I own it something odd is,
 That lovers should each other view
 As if they wanted bodies.

If spirits thus can live embraced,
 The union may be lasting :
 But, faith ! 'tis hard the mind should feast,
 And keep its partner fasting.

“ Nature (says Horace) is in tears,
 When her just claim's denied her ; ”
 And this platonic love appears
 To be a scrimp provider.

* * * * *

SAMUEL JOHNSON,

Born 1709, died 1785.

SUMMER.

O PHÆBUS ! down the western sky,
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
 The living carpet Nature spreads ;
 Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let music die along the grove ;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tuned to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !
 Come born to fill its vast desires ;
 Thy looks perpetual joy impart,
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

EVENING ODE.—TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love !
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light :
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;

Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ ;
Silence best, the conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades ;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE,

Born 1714, died 1763.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleased within my native bowers,
Erewhile I pass'd the day !
Was ever scene so decked with flowers ?
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smiled the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round !
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urged by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear ;
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see :
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill,
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I ranged like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's loved name scarce escaped from my tongue :
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stored,
Allusive to none but the nymph I adored ;
And the more I with study my fancy refined,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew ;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

THOMAS GRAY,

Born 1716, died 1771.

AMATORY LINES.

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—
 To weep without knowing the cause of his anguish :
 To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning ;
 To close my dull eyes when I see it returning ;
 Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
 Words that steal from my tongue, but no meaning connected !—

Ah, say, fellow swains, how these symptoms befel me ?
 They smile, but reply not—sure Delia can tell me !

MARK AKENSIDE,

Born 1721, died 1770.

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair ;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win ;
 Give me an animated form
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of Beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah ! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view ;
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair ;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

JOSEPH WARTON,

Born 1722, died 1800.

ON THE SPRING.—TO A LADY.

Lo ! Spring, array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
 Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
 With showers and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
 And mantles hill and dale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
 The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain ;
 With kindly warmth she opes the frozen ground,
 And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fishes from their oozy beds,
 And animates the deep with genial love ;
 She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the mead,
 And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
 All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul ;
 To find his spotted mate he darts away,
 While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood control.

But, ah ! while all is warmth and soft desire,
 While all around Spring's cheerful influence own,
 You feel not, Amoret, her quickening fire,
 To Spring's kind influence a foe alone.

WILLIAM MASON,

Born 1725, died 1797.

SONG.

WHEN first I dared, by soft surprise,
 To breathe my love in Flavia's ear,
 I saw the mix'd sensations rise
 Of trembling joy and pleasing fear ;
 Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
 For what has art with love to do ?

But soon the crimson glow return'd,
 Ere half my passion was express'd ;
 The eye that closed, the cheek that burn'd,
 The quivering lip, the panting breast,
 Show'd that she wish'd or thought me true ;
 For what has art with love to do ?

Ah ! speak, I cried, thy soft assent :
 She strove to speak, she could but sigh ;
 A glance, more heavenly eloquent,
 Left language nothing to supply.
 She press'd my hand with fervour new ;
 For what has art with love to do ?

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Ye practised nymphs, who, from your charms,
 By Fashion's rules, enjoy your skill ;
 Torment your swains with false alarms,
 And, ere you cure, pretend to kill :
 Still, still your sex's wiles pursue,
 Such tricks she leaves to art and you.

Secure of native powers to please,
 My Flavia scorns all mean pretence ;
 Her form is elegance and ease,
 Her soul is truth and innocence ;
 And these, O heartfelt extasy !
 She gives to honour, love, and me.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Born 1728, died 1774.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom is—to die.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,

Born 1729, died 1773.

HOLIDAY GOWN.

IN holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
 Last Monday I tripp'd to the fair ;
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,—
 Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there :
 He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue !
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,—
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
 (The vixen would fain be his bride,)
 Some token she claim'd, either riband or toy,
 And swore that she 'd not be denied :
 A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,—
 Pert Susan was cruelly stung ;
 I hate her so much that, to kill her with spleen,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear !
 He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore !
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
 That, trust me,—my pockets ran o'er :

Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
 And sweetly their burden he sung ;
 Good faith ! he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
 (Our cottage was distant a mile) ;
 I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
 And handed me over the stile :
 His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his eye ;
 He led me the meadows among,
 There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
 To wed—for I was not too young.

JOHN SCOTT,

OF AMWELL,

Born 1730, died 1783.

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN
 LOVE VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful trifer's lays !
 I'll hear no more th' unmeaning strain
 Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
 And killing eyes, and wounded hearts :
 All Flattery's round of fulsome praise,
 All Falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the Muse whose tongue has told
Love's genuine, plaintive, tender tale ;
Bring me the Muse whose sounds of woe,
Midst Death's dread scenes, so sweetly flow,
When Friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
When Beauty's blooming cheek is pale ;
Bring these—I like their grief sincere ;
It soothes my sympathetic gloom :
For, oh ! Love's genuine pains I 've borne,
And Death's dread rage has made me mourn ;
I 've wept o'er Friendship's early bier,
And dropp'd the tear on Beauty's tomb.

JOHN LANGHORNE,

Born 1735, died 1779.

TO MISS CRACROFT,

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer !
Source of my joy ! and solace of my care !
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how, to live.
To thee the Muse, with grateful hand, would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye !
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away !

SONNET, TO MISS CRACROFT.

ON thy fair morn, O hope-inspiring May !
 The sweetest twins that ever Nature bore,
 Where Hackthorn's vale her field-flower garden wore,
 Young Love and Fancy met the genial day :
 And, all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
 A nymph of gentlest mien, their train before,
 Came with a smile ; and, " Swain," she cried, " no mor
 To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay :
 Friends of thy heart, see Love and Fancy bring
 Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms !
 Delight that rifles all the fragrant spring !
 Fair-handed Hope, that paints unfading charms !
 And dove-like Faith, that waves her silver wing :—
 These, Swain, are thine ; for Nancy meets thy arms ! "

 ROBERT BURNS,

Born 1759, died 1796.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

O, STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' wae could wauken !

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Our groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :
there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,—
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

THE POSIE.

O, LuvE will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen ;
O, LuvE will venture in, where Wisdom ance has been ;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear ;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer ;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
For it's like a balmy Kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou ;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue ;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

e lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 d in her lovely bosom I 'll place the lily there;
 e daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air;
 And a' to be a'posie to my ain dear May.

e hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 here, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
 t the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

e woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
 d the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
 e violet 's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luv,
 d I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a' above,
 it to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve;
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

Born 1771, died 1832.

[From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."]

THE sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
 The sun had brightened the Carter's side ;
 And soon beneath the rising day
 Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
 The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 And wakened every flower that blows ;
 And peeped forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.
 And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale,
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastilie ;
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ?
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair ?
 And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
 As he rouses him up from his lair ?
 And, though she passes the postern alone,
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ?

The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son ;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall,
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall ;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken riband prest ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !


And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy ;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale ;

And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove ;
Swore, he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love ;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid ;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
Its lightness would my age reprove :
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold :—
I may not, must not, sing of love.

* * * *

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.



The attending maidens smiled to see,
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed ;
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them, and laughed.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul ;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love ?
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove !
How could I name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame !

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SONG.

[From "Marmion."]

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?—
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

CHORUS.

Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?—
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never !

CHORUS.

Never, O never !

[From "Marmion."]

THE queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day ;
The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk in battle broil ;—
And in gay Holyrood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her finger flew ;
And as she touch'd and tun'd them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view ;
For all, for heat, was laid aside,
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
And then around the silent ring ;
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play !
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung.

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river, where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"—

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

maiden in Scotland, more lovely by far,
gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

He took the goblet; the knight took it up,
off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
"Soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
I'll drink a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

In form, and so lovely his face,
in hall such a galliard did grace;
another did fret, and her father did fume,
degroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
the maidens whisper'd, "T were better by far
to wed our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

Up to her hand, and one word in her ear,
reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
the croupe the fair lady he swung,
the saddle before her he sprung!
"On! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
Follow the fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

Counting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Penwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
racing, and chasing, on Cannobie lee,
the bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
In love and so dauntless in war,
I never heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,

Born 1773, died 1834.

THE KISS.

ONE kiss, dear maid ! I said, and sigh'd—
 Your scorn the little boon denied ;
 Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?
 Can danger lurk within a kiss ?

Yon viewless wanderer of the vale,
 The spirit of the western gale,
 At morning's break, at evening's close,
 Inhales the sweetness of the rose ;
 And hovers o'er th' uninjured bloom,
 Sighing back the soft perfume.
 Her nectar-breathing kisses fling
 Vigour to the Zephyr's wing ;
 And He the glitter of the dew
 Scatters on the rose's hue ;
 Bashful, lo ! she bends her head,
 And darts a blush of deeper red.

Too well those lovely lips disclose
 The triumphs of the opening rose ;
 O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
 As passive to the breath of Love !
 In tender accents, faint and low,
 Well pleased I hear the whispered " No ! "

The whispered "No!"—how little meant!
Sweet falsehood that endears consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of the joy.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy ;
He gazed, he thrill'd with deep delight,
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And, " O ! " he cried, " of magic kind,
What charms this throne endear !
Some other Love let Venus find—
I 'll fix my empire here."

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;—
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land !

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—But when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame ;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
And, bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

THE KEEPSAKE.

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay, and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The fox-glove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,

That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not.
So will not fade the flowers which Emeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has work'd (the flowers which most she knew I loved),
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely-moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she own'd her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!
That, forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep),
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring return'd,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
(I'm always with you in my sleep!)
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate, and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who, having long been doom'd to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home ?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang ;
This feel I hourly more and more :
There's healing only in thy wings,
Thou breeze that playest on Albion's shore !

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How warm this woodland wild recess !
Love surely hath been breathing here.
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear !
Swells up, then sinks with fair caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name ; yet why
That asking look ? that yearning sigh ?
That sense of promise every where ?
Beloved ! flew your spirit by ?

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild !
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply, had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, love within you wrought—
O Greta ! dear domestic stream,

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep
Has not Love's whisper evermore,
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar !
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamour's hour.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS, AND IN ABSENCE.

DIM hour ! that sleep'st on pillowy clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the turtles to thy car !
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
And give me to the bosom of my love !

ly gentle love, caressing and carest,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest ;
Heed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Hull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs :
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
Hill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
Fourns the long absence of the lovely day ;
Young Day, returning at her promised hour,
Veeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower ;
Veeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
Few life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels :
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals !

LADY CAROLINE LAMB,

Born 1785, died 1825.

If thou couldst know what 'tis to weep,
To weep unpitied and alone,
The livelong night whilst others sleep,
Silent and mournful watch to keep,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

If thou couldst know what 'tis to smile,
To smile, whilst scorned by every one,
To hide, by many an artful wile,
A heart that knows more grief than guile,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

And, oh ! if thou couldst think how drear,
When friends are changed and health is gone,
The world would to thine eyes appear ;
If thou, like me, to none wert dear,
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON,

LORD BYRON,

Born 1788, died 1824.

[From "Childe Harold," Canto III.]

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me !

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send thee lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine !


The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

[From "Childe Harold," Canto III.]

THE morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day : we may resume
The march of our existence : and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Lemn ! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love !
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought ;
Thy trees take root in love ; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mock

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne,
To which the steps are mountains ; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone



LORD BYRON.

In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of him ; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green-path downward to the shore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs ! and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life : the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit ; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,

For 'tis his nature to advance or die ;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights in its eternity !

[From " Childe Harold," Canto IV.]

EGERIA ! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prison'd in marble ; bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms ; through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria ! thy all-heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports ? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert ; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison ; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee ;
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart ;
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—wrung—
and riven.

TO THYRZA.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before :
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring ;
Man was not form'd to live alone :
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;
Thou 'rt nothing, all are nothing now !

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye ;
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
“ Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon—”
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave !

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
" That Thyrza cannot know my pains :"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life when Thyrza ceased to live !

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new,
How different now thou meet'st my gaze !
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue !
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still !
Though cold as even the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge, thou mournful token !
Though painful, welcome to my breast !
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest !
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled.
Oh ! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead ?

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charm'd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer's ocean.

[From "Don Juan," Canto III.]

OH, Love ! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved ? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh ?
As those who doat on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish,
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE,

Born 1791, died 1823.

SONG.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
 Go, forget me—and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee :
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee :
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
 Clothes the meanest things in light ;
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things looked so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee ;
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell ;
 Go, for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and Beauty ! fare ye well !
 Go, and all that once delighted
 Take, and leave me all benighted—
 Glory's burning generous swell,
 Fancy, and the Poet's shell.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,

Born 1792, died 1822.

THE QUESTION.

I DREAM'D that, as I wandered by the way,
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mix'd with the sound of waters murmuring
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets ;
 Faint ox-lips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cow-bind, and the moonlight-colour'd May,
 And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day ;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white
And starry river-buds among the sedge ;
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which, in their natural bowers,
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it !—Oh ! to whom ?

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :

I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

THE odour from the flower is gone,
Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glow'd of thee, and only thee!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

A shrivell'd, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandon'd breast,
 And mocks the heart, which yet is warm,
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not !
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me ;
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

* * * * *

SEE the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdain'd its brother :
 And the sun-light clasps the earth,
 And the moon-beams kiss the sea,
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

TO ———.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

FRAGMENT.

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love ! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,
Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew ;—
Thou art the radiance which, where ocean rolls,
Investeth it ; and when the heavens are blue
Thou fillest them ; and when the earth is fair,
The shadows of thy moving wings imbue
Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe ;—thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men ; and as soft air
In spring, which moves the unawaken'd forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men ; and, aye, implorest
That which from thee they should implore :—the weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken—yet, where shall any seek
A garment whom thou clothest not ?

HENRY NEELE,

Born 1798, died 1828.

MOURN not, sweet maid, nor fondly try
To rob me of my sorrow ;
It is the only friend that I
Have left in my captivity,
To bid my heart good-morrow.

I would not chase him from my heart,
For he is Love's own brother ;
And each has learned his brother's part
So aptly, that 'tis no mean art
To know one from the other.

Thus, Love will fold his arms and moan,
And sigh, and weep, like Sorrow ;
And Sorrow has caught Love's soft tone,
And mixed his arrows with his own,
And learned his smile to borrow.

Only one mark of difference they
Preserve, which leaves them never ;
Young Love has wings, and flies away,
While Sorrow, once received, will stay
The soul's sad guest for ever !

ROBERT ANDERSON,

Born about 1770 ? died 1832.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

[From "Cumberland Ballads."]

DEUCE tak the clock, click-clackin sae,
 Still in a body's ear ;
 It tells and tells the time is past
 When Johnnie should been here :
 Deuce tak the wheel, 't will not rin roun'—
 Nae mair to-neet * I 'll spin,
 But count each minute wi' a sigh,
 Till Johnnie he steals in.

How nice the spunky † fire it burns
 For twee ‡ to sit beside !
 And there 's the seat where Johnnie sits,
 And I forget to chide !
 My father, too, how sweet he synnores !
 My mother 's fast asleep :
 He promised oft ; but, oh ! I fear
 His word he wunnet § keep !

* To-night.

† Cheerful.

‡ Two.

§ Will not.

What can it be keeps him frae me ?

The ways are not sae lang ;
 And sleet and snaw are nought at a',
 If yen * were fain to gang !
 Some ither lass, wi' bonnier feace,
 Has caught his wicked e'e,
 And I'll be pointed at at kirk —
 Nay ! suiner † let me dee !

O durst we lasses nobbut ‡ gang
 And sweetheart them we like,
 I'd rin to thee, my Johnnie, lad,
 Nor stop at bog or dike !
 But custom 's sec § a silly thing,
 For men mun ha'e their way,
 And mony a bonnie lassy sit,
 And wish frae day to day.

But whisht !—I hear my Johnnie's foot—
 Aye, that 's has verra clog !
 He stecks || the faul yeat ** softly too—
 O hang that colley dog !
 Now, hey, for sighs and sugar words,
 Wi' kisses not a few—
 O but this warld 's a paradise
 When lovers they prove true !

* One.

† Sooner.

‡ But only.

§ Such.

|| Shuts.

** Fold gate.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE IMPATIENT SHEPHERD.

[From Thomson's "Select Melodies."]

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
 The lavrock 's in the sky,
 And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
 The time is passing by.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 I hear nae welcome sound ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush
 It wears sae slowly round !

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
 My lambs are bleating near ;
 But still the sound that I lo'e best,
 Alack ! I canna hear.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow
 The shadow lingers still ;
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
 And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
 The mill wi' clacking din,
 And Luckey scolding frae her door,
 To bring the bairnies in.

Oh, no ! sad and slow !
These are nae sounds for me ;
The shadow of our trysting bush
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft * yestreen, frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonny blue ;
And promised, when our trysting came,
To bind it round her brow.

Oh, no ! sad and slow !
The time it winna pass ;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way !
She's past the Witches' knowe :
She's climbing up the Brownie's brae,—
My heart is in a lowe.

Oh, no ! 'tis na so !
'Tis glamrie I hae seen :
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Tho' conned wi' little skill ;
When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.

Oh, no ! sad and slow !
The time will ne'er be gane ;
The shadow of the trysting bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

* Bought.

SONG.

O WELCOME bat and owlet gray !
Thus winging low your airy way ;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to my ear come humming by :
And welcome shadows, long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep ;
O welcome all ! to me you say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is on the dewy air ;
Her steps are in the whispered sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour !
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night !

THE following song, in "Quentin Durward," by SIR WALTER SCOTT, is placed here in consequence of its relation to the three preceding ones, which are expressive of a lover's varied feelings, induced by expectation.

AH ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea ;
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
 Sits hushed, his partner nigh ;
 Breeze, bird, and flow'r, they know the hour,
 But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high
 Sings high-born cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
 And high and low the influence know,
 But where is County Guy ?

JAMES HOGG.

SONG.

LANG I sat by the broom sae green,
 An', O, my heart was eerie !
 For aye this strain was breathed within,
 " Your laddie will no come near ye ! "
 Lie still, thou wee bit fluttering thing,
 What means this weary wavering ?
 Nae heart returns thy raptured spring,
 Your laddie will no come near ye.

His leifu' sang the robin sung
 On the bough that hung sae near me,
 Wi' tender grief my heart was wrung,
 For, O, the strain was dreary !

The robin's sang it could na be,
That gart the tear-drap blind my ee ;—
How ken'd the wee bird on the tree
That my laddie wad no come near me ?

The new-wean'd lamb on yonder lea,
It bleats out through the braken ;
The herried bird upon the tree
Mourns o'er its nest forsaken ;—
If they are wae, how weel may I ?
Nae grief like mine aneath the sky ;
The lad I lo'e he cares na by,
Though my fond heart is breakin'.

O, weel befa' the maiden gay
In cottage, bught, or penn,
An' weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen ;
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,
Wha 's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel
Amang sae mony men.
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen !

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Along the gloaming lea ;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree ;

To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
The speckled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonely place,
 Deep in her mountain den ;
But sweeter far the bonny face
 That smiles in yonder glen !

O, had it no been for the blush
 O' maiden's virgin flame,
Dear beauty never had been known,
 An' never had a name ;
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modelled by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
 O'er a' the sons o' men ;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
 Burns in a lonely glen !

There 's beauty in the violet's vest
 There's hinney in the haw ;
There 's dew within the rose's breast,
 The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
An' lace wi' burning goud the main ;
The rainbow bend out o'er the plain,
 Sae lovely to the ken ;
But lovelier far my bonny thing
 That wons in yonder glen !

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

[The two following songs are from "The Forest Minstrel," by
JAMES HOGG and others, 1810.]

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
 An' Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' in 't,
 An' left her auld master, an' neibers sae dear.
 For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer ;
 She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the pea :
 An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see :
 "Fare ye weel, Lucy," quo' Jamie, an' ran in ;
 —The gatherin' tears trickled fast to her knee.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slaw wi' her flittin',
 "Fare ye weel Lucy," was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the crow sayin 't, high on the tree sittin',
 An' robin was chirpin 't the brown leaves amang.

“ O what is ’t that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?
An’ what gars the tear come sae fast to my e’e ?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
I’m just like a lammie that losses its mither ;
Nae mither nor friend the puir lammie can see.
I fear I ha’e left my bit heart a’ thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa’s sae fast frae my e’e.

“ Wi’ the rest o’ my claes I ha’e row’d up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me :
Yestreen when he gae me ’t, and saw I was sabbin’,
I’ll never forget the wae blink o’ his e’e.
Though now he said naething but ‘ Fare ye well, Lucy,’
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see :
He couldna say mair, but just, ‘ Fare ye weel, Lucy,’
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

“ The lamb likes the gowan wi’ dew when its droukit ;
The hare likes the brake an’ the braird on the lee ;
But Lucy likes Jamie,”—She turned an’ she lookit ;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie an’ cheerless !
An’ weel may he greet on the bank o’ the burn !
His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle an’ peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, an’ will never return.

THE SLIGHTED LASSIE.

ALAKE for the lassie ! she's no right at a',
That lo'es a dear laddie, an' he far awa' ;
But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,
That lo'es a dear lad when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin' ; my heart it grew fain
To see my dear laddie, to see him again ;
My heart it grew fain, an' lap light at the thought
Of milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonny grey morn had scarce opened her e'e
When we set to the gate a', wi' nae little glee ;
I was blyth, but my mind oft misga'e me right sair,
For I hadna seen Jamie for five months an' mair.

I' the hirin' right soon my dear Jamie I saw ;
I saw na ane like him, sae bonny and braw ;
I watched and baid near him, his motions to see,
In hopes ay to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place ;
At length I gaed up an' just smiled in his face,
I wonder ay yet my heart brak na in twa ;—
He just said, " How are ye ? " an' steppit awa'.

My neiber lads strave to entice me awa',
They roos'd me, an' heght me ilk thing that was braw;
But I hated them a', an' I hated the fair,
For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leel, an' his manners sae kind !
He's someway gane wrang, but may alter his mind;
An' sude he do sae, he's be welcome to me;
I'm sure I can never like ony but he.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence !—Is not the soul torn by it
 From more than light, or life, or breath ?
 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
 The pain without the peace of death.

SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
 Paints silently the fair,
 That each should dream of joys he's had,
 Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
 From hallowed thoughts so dear ;
 But drink to them that we love most,
 As they would love to hear.

CAROLINE.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
 I'll teach my grotto green to be ;
 And sing my true love, all below
 The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle
Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived !

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit, still and bright
With something of an angel light.

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart :—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine ;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent Night ;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful Groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day ;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze :
He did not cease ; but cooed—and cooed ;
And somewhat pensively he wooed :

PROFESSOR WILSON.

He sang of love with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin and never ending ;
 Of serious faith and inward glee ;
 That was the song—the song for me !

JOHN WILSON,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE
 COLLEGE OF EDINBURGH.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,
 That told youth's heartfelt revelry ;
 And motion changeful as the wing
 Of swallow wakened by the Spring ;
 With accents blythe as voice of May,
 Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay ;
 Circled by joy, like planet bright,
 That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
 Thy image such in former time,
 When thou, just entering on thy prime,
 And woman's sense in thee combined
 Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
 First taught'st my sighing soul to move
 With hope towards the heaven of love.

Now years have given my Mary's face
 A thoughtful and a quiet grace :—

Though happy still,—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness ;
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams !
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child ;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed !
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears !

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary Time !
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe ;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in Immortality.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ON A LADY ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile.

Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast.
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above controul,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid
 Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
 How here I linger in this sullen shade,
 This dreary gloom of dull monastic night.
 Say, that, from ev'ry joy of life remote,
 At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
 Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note
 Who pours like me her solitary song.
 Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh,
 Say, that of all her charms I love to speak,
 In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
 In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,
 Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
 And heave the sigh of Memory and of Love.

SONNET.

I PRAISE thee not, Ariste, that thine eye
 Knows each emotion of the soul to speak ;
 That lilies with thy face might fear to vie,
 And roses can but emulate thy cheek ;
 I praise thee not because thine auburn hair
 In native tresses wantons on the wind ;

Nor yet because that face, surpassing fair,
 Bespeaks the inward excellence of mind :—
 'Tis that soft charm thy minstrel's heart has won,
 That mild meek goodness that perfects the rest ;
 Soothing and soft it steals upon the breast,
 As the soft radiance of the setting sun,
 When varying through the purple hues of light
 The fading orbit smiles serenely bright.

THOMAS MOORE.

TO ———, ON HER ASKING ME TO ADDRESS
 A POEM TO HER.

Sine Venere friget Apollo.

ÆGID. MENAGIUS.

How can I sing of fragrant sighs
 I ne'er have felt from thee ?
 How can I sing of smiling eyes
 That ne'er have smiled on me ?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,
 But, oh ! 'tis cold and seeming—
 One moment's real, rapturous touch
 Is worth an age of dreaming !

Think'st thou, when Julia's lip and breast
 Inspired my youthful tongue,
 I coldly spoke of lips unprest,
 Nor felt the heaven I sung ?

No, no, the spell that warmed so long
 Was still my Julia's kiss.
 And still the girl was paid in song
 What she had given in bliss !

Then beam one burning smile on me,
 And I will sing those eyes ;
 Let me but feel a breath from thee,
 And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
 What makes the bard divine—
 Oh, lady ! how my lip would sing,
 If once 't were prest to thine !

OH, HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF
 OUR OWN !


! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 ere a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 d the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers ;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day ;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give !

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm, as the night

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too ;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,—
That smile turns them all to light !



'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me,
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And, though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I 've yet to roam,—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round, in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds !

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I 'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or—perish there too !

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still here, but the waters were gone !

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

Or tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
For clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
His soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Have out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame !

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moon-light's star,
Or horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again !

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away!
No:—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more because heaven is there!

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the west no longer burn'd,
 Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew ;
 And when, to gaze again I turn'd,
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
 As if her light and heaven's were one,
 The glory all had left that frame ;
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,
 As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
 That he and all he loved must part ?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 That fading image to my heart—
 And cried, “ Oh, love ! is this thy doom ?
 Oh, light of youth's resplendent day !
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 And thus, like sunshine, die away ? ”

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

IN the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin ;
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
 Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love as in hours of less transport we may :—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,
But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about ;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;—
And, even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

OUR first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
No, no—all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed no lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
 A blaze serener, grander ;
 Our autumn beam may, like a dream
 Of heaven, die calm away :
 But no—let life before us
 Bring all the light it may,
 'T will shed no lustre o'er us
 Like that first trembling ray.



LONDON:
BRADFURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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